THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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The History of

COSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

(In continuation.)

MARTUCCIO, in some confusion, obeyed; upon entering the chamber of the divan, the dey addressed him.—" Christian, you have long served me with equal address and fidelity; you merit, therefore, the reward which our laws will permit. Your liberal appearance is a sufficient testimony of your superior condition in your own country; you will, therefore, not disgrace the same rank in any other. From this day, therefore, you are raised to the order of nobility in the state of Tunis. It is true, that the strictness of our law requires the profession of the Mahometan faith, but it is a part of my prerogative, as dey, to suspend this acceptance of our religion. I will allow you ten years to study our writings, and converse with our doctors, and I have no doubt, but at the end of this period, you will acknowledge Mahomet to be the last and greatest of the prophets. Your present duty is to assume the seat and functions of your new rank. I overheard you say, that if I demanded your advice with regard to the means of carrying on the war, you would give me such counsel as should secure my victory. Speak, therefore, Martuccio, I demand your counsel."

" My lord, (replied Martuccio) I must preface my counsel, by saying, that this is not the first time I have visited the state of Tunis; my experience, therefore, has given me some knowledge of your customs, both of peace and war. Your wars, I have perceived, are chiefly carried on with arrows; if any method, therefore, can be discovered, by which your army may abound in arrows, whilst that of your enemy becomes deficient, your victory, I believe, must be secure."

The dey, and the nobles of the council, who listened with the most earnest attention, here nodded their assent; Martuccio thus continued:—

" This may be effected with equal ease and dispatch. Attend, whilst I relate in what manner. In the first place, issue a general command to your armourers, that the strings of your bows may be made smaller than usual, and afterwards to make the arrows to fit those more slender strings, so that they may be useless to the other strings which will not suit their notches; and this must be executed with all the secrecy an affair of such importance requires, that it may not arrive to the knowledge of your enemy, and thus counteract our whole purpose. This happy event cannot fail; when the archers of your enemy have shot off their arrows, and yours have discharged theirs, each side must supply itself for a new discharge, by picking up the arrows that have been shot; the enemy, therefore, must collect those of your archers, and you those of the enemy. Now your arrows must be wholly useless to the enemy, for the smaller notches will not fit their greater strings; the contrary, however, will happen to your army, for the small strings of your bows will fit an arrow of any notch whatever. Thus will it happen, that you will be well supplied with arrows from the quivers of your enmies, whilst yours being so wholly useless to them, they must be deficient of their expected resource."

It is impossible to describe the applause and satisfaction of the council upon this advice of Martuccio; but a few moments before, they regarded him with equal envy and abhorrence; his new dignity had excited the first, and the antipathy of a different faith had inspired the latter. This envy and abhorrence was now lost in general approbation, and they united in acknowledging the superior sagacity of the dey, who had advanced a man of the merit of Martuccio.

How universal, and even insensible to ourselves, is the influence of interest; by this it was that the general sentiment was thus changed into feelings of an opposite nature, and those who would have consented by the preceding hour to have had Martuccio impaled alive, were now as loud in inviting the dey to appoint him general of the forces. The dey assented, and commanded Martuccio to accept the offered trust.

Martuccio hesitated, but as the war of barbarians require but little skill, and his refusal might be imputed to other motives, he at length obeyed.

It is the nature of genius, or what is more properly called, vigour of mind, to attend its possessor through every mode of action, and to render him equally eminent in situations of the least similitude; the success of Martuccio in his new office justified this remark. The army of the

Tunisians, which was hitherto nothing but an armed multitude, assumed, under the command of their new general, the order and regularity of a disciplined body. Martuccio was equally ardent and skilful in the discharge of his duty.

Soliman beheld, with equal pleasure and admiration, the fidelity and talents of his Christian general, and one day addressed him in these words:—'How blind art thou, Martuccio, to thine own interests; why dost thou thus refuse to adopt our faith; my age foretells a speedy vacancy in the throne of Tunis; I have no children, or other relations, to whom I desire to leave the succession; your merit might attain the vacant dignity; the envy of your promotion will cease, when you become one of ourselves."

The promises, and even intreaties of the dey were ineffectual to shake the constancy of Martuccio; his laudable perseverance in the faith of his country and education, would have excited the indignation of any other than Soliman; this dey, however, had little of the bigotry of his sect, and well merited the title of the Generous and Magnificent, which the general consent had imposed. With this nature, therefore, the firmness of Martuccio rather increased than diminished his esteem; nor did his expectation from the merit of his general deceive him.

Mariabdel, the king of Grenada, having collected his army, and put himself at its head, had passed over into Africa, and was advancing to the walls of Tunis. Martuccio, taking his post according to his greater experience of the country, gave battle to the invaders. The conflict, from the superior numbers of the enemy, was long, but victory was at length Martuccio's. Mariabdel was himself taken prisoner, and Martuccio presented the proud monarch to the dey.

The general consent of the soldiers attributed the victory to the courage and skill of Martuccio; Soliman, therefore, laying aside the pride and distance of his superior rank, embraced him as his friend, and added new honours and dignities to the benefits already conferred. Such was the glory and present honour of Martuccio.

Gostanza, during this time, continued in the house of the Saracen widow, and though her melancholy had much diminished, she still retained a tender remembrance of her lost lover; her eyes were often suffused in tears, and the gaiety of her companions, though kindly intended for her entertainment, only augmented her uneasiness, from its contrast to the real state of her mind. Such was the real situation of Gostanza, when the whole country around rung with the victory and praises of Martuccio.

(The conclusion in our next number)

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

NO one abhors female coquetry more than I do, but while I have read with approving feelings the eloquent and indignant satires of different writers on this too common, but not less pernicious vice, yet they have often caused me to reflect on its too great prevalence, not only among my own sex, but also among yours; that sex which asserts it is constituted by nature our *sovereigns* and *protectors*.—If coquetry be despicable in a woman, surely it is much more so in a man, whose privileges, arising from the arrangements of society, ought to elevate him above the practice of so mean an art. Why have we heard so much of female, and so little of male coquetry; it must be because men on finding themselves deceived have often recourse to the pen, to give vent to their irritated feelings; while injured woman is too often obliged to conceal her suffering, and lament in private the seduction of her heart.

Men in every grade are prone to coquetry—even Mr. Burk's "*Corinthian capitals of polished society*," have condescended to practice its insinuative arts: the celebrated Lord Chesterfield considered it as one of the best instruments of diplomatic intrigue, and as such, he recommended it to his son, in whom he expected to see, like his lordship's favorite bird the *Phoenix*, all his accomplishments, all his politeness, and all his refined address compleatly resuscitated; even literary men have been repeatedly seen to add coquetry to their other attainments. But the sons of *Mars*, and *Bellona*, claim it as their peculiar characteristic; its arts are often studied better than military tactics, and almost constantly successful with every pretty girl who has not sufficient discernment to detect them—nor has even the sacred profession of divinity escaped the contamination of this vice; some of its juvenile ministers have been seen more attentive to the state of hearts, than they are of souls, and industriously opposing their examples to their precepts. The *chaste* advocates of right and wrong often unbend themselves after the labours of forensic eloquence, or the fatigues of special pleading, in the amusement of committing depredations on their fair neighbours' rights, conscious that hearts and affections are not in legal phrasiology, synonimous to goods and chattels, and that the taking of them without giving in return a valuable consideration, is not an indictable offence.

The disciples of Esculapius, whose profession leads them to study the nature of the human passions, and who well know that ill requited and disappointed love is too often the cause of that most dreadful of human maladies, *mental derangement*, yet they too can solicit that esteem and affection which they never intend to reciprocate. Merchants can leave ploddings and calculations behind them in the compting house, to make extensive speculations in female hearts, the profits arising from which, are posted to the credit of Messrs. *Vanity*, and *Brag*. The mechanic too, is often seen among his companions, more

desirous of piquing himself now, from the number of his female admirers, than upon his dexterity or success in his trade.

Coquetry, like bad weeds in a rich soil, often grows luxurantly among the simple, unsophisticated cultivators of the earth: The breast of many a poor village maid has been terribly agonised, on discovering the insincerity and infidelity of a once sedulous and pretended admirer.

But the hardy sons of Neptune! can it be possible that I had almost forgotten them. It was nearly so—yet I shall not affront them by taking no notice of a body of men so long applauded for their gallantry, courage, and generosity; but notwithstanding these invaluable qualities, yet nature, true to herself, has planted among them as many, if not more, coquettes than any other profession.—How often are a sailor's affections transferred from port to port, or from one hemisphere to another.—Almost as often as he shifts his place of residence.

But as moral disquisitions on the beauty of virtue, or the deformity of vice, are always less impressive than when the one or the other is personified in contemporary characters—I shall in my next, proceed to pourtray that of *Narcissus*, should you, Mr. Editor, appear willing to hear from me again on that *all important subject*.

AURELIA.

Selections.

ECCENTRICITIES.

A LATE bishop having married at 75, was pressed by his son to know his reason for marrying at so advanced a time of life. 'Son,' says he, 'my reason is—I have done a foolish thing at 75, that I may not do a more foolish thing at fourscore.'

A GREENLAND FEAST.—The following is a bill of fare of entertainment given by some principal Greenlanders to a factor:—1. Dried herrings. 2. Dried seafish. 3. Boiled ditto. 4. *Mimiak*, a favourite dish, composed of half raw, and rotten fish. 5. Boiled willocks. 6. A piece of rotten whale's tail. This was the *bon bouche*, the haunch of venison to which the guests were principally invited. 7. Dried salmon. 8. Dried rein-deer. 9. A desert of crowberries, mixed with the chyle from the maw of a rein-deer. 10. The same elegant confection enriched with train oil.

ONE friend speaking toanother, about a person who lived upon charity, and occupied the ready-furnished first floor of a respectable house; said, he thought it must be *too high* for a person in his circumstances.—'Oh no,' replied the other, 'not at all; the garret would be considerably *higher*, and yet better adapted to his means.'

A POOR fellow being told by his acquaintance that he should always find him a *ready friend*; the other answered—'Sir, if it is the same to you, I had much rather find you a *friend with the ready*.'

A YOUNG lady just returned from a boarding-school, called on an old acquaintance of her father's, who immediately accosted her with—'Bless me, Miss, why you are grown *quite out of knowledge*.'—The lady instantly retorted, 'I hope not, Sir, for I have been at school these seven years, for the sole purpose of increasing my stock of that very valuable commodity.'

A YOUNG girl, who had not the courage to refuse a husband who was offered to her although she disliked him, being asked—"You will marry him then?" 'Me marry *him!* it is quite enough that he marries *me!*"

FONTENELLE, at the age of ninety seven, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her, in order to place himself at table.—'See, said Madame Helvetius, how I ought to value your gallantries; you pass before me without looking at me.'—'Madame,' said the old man, '*If I had looked at you I could not have passed.*'

SIR Walter Raleigh says, that the difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats *when he pleases*, the latter *when he can get it*.

A Butcher being asked what was meant by the words *bona fide*, answered—"I suppose it is a brother of the cleaver, that sells more *bone* than flesh."

A VERY virtuous lady was desired by another to teach her what secrets she had, to preserve her husband's favour. "It is, replied she, by doing all that *pleases* him, and by enduring patiently all that *displeases* me."

A HUSBAND, who often experienced his wife's ill humour, oppposed her with no other weapon but silence. Whereupon a friend of his told him, 'it is easy seen you are afraid of your wife.' 'It is not she I am afraid of,' replied the husband, 'it is the *noise*.'

SIGISMUND, Emperor of Germany, being one day asked what was the surest method of remaining happy in this world, replied, "only do always in health what you have often promised to do when you were sick."

SOLON said, that if all men were to cast their misfortunes into one common heap, every person would rather take up his own lot again, than accept an equal share with the rest.

In the world you are subject to every fool's humour.—In a library, you can make every wit subject to yours.

IT is surprising, that there should be persons on the face of the earth, who love themselves so little, as to fret at every thing, to be constantly out of humour, and set the whole world against them.

He alone, who makes use of his enemies to improve the knowledge of himself, is seriously inclined to grow better.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Mr. Editor,

WISHING to contribute my mite towards the amusement of your readers, I have, from a celebrated English publication, transcribed the following truly interesting relation; its merit will, I doubt not, claim your attention, and an insertion in the Lady's Miscellany.

Yours, &c.

A. C.

THE SPECTRE.

IN one of those rare societies which are interesting, although little known, where one may still be amused without gaining, where one may converse with that liberty which forms the charm of cultivated minds, where no pretensions but those of pleasing are shown, and no eagerness except for the acquirement of instruction, the conversation happened to turn on real objects, and fantastic visions. It was attempted to assign their difference, and determine their analogy; to find the relation which exists between a regular dream, and a profound meditation, between an ardent contemplator, and a cold observer, between enthusiasm which depicts, and examination which demonstrates.

One of the company then advanced, that a strongly exalted imagination attested the existence of beings with as much energy as the senses could. He was contradicted, grew warm, and continued the dispute, when an officer said, that he thought a single fact would throw more light on an opinion, than a great number of arguments, and he offered to tell them one which would perhaps elucidate the matter. He added, that the fact happened to a Captain in his regiment, that he had himself witnessed it, and that all his comrades could certify its truth.

The company agreed to lend their attention. He promised to recite the story with the greatest fidelity, and begged indulgence for details which he could not omit, as well as for a few reflections which naturally arose from the subject; he then proceeded as follows :—

After a smart engagement, in Italy, during the last war, the wounded French officers were taken to the hospital at Milan. Darville was one of the number; his wounds left but slender hopes of saving his life; he was soon reduced to the last gasp, but the powerful aids of medicine, together with his youth and vigour, united to save him.

He had no sooner recovered his senses, which had been suspended above a month, sometimes with a violent delirium, at others by a lethargic sleep, than he asked numberless questions as to where he was, in what condition he had been, and about all those objects which are so interesting to a man who, as it were, begins to exist anew, who tries new sensations, and who enjoys that pleasure in existing, of which none but those who have recovered from dangerous maladies, can have any idea.

The nun whom he was thus interrogating, answered him with as much modesty as if she had not contributed essentially to his recovery, and with as much precision as if she had not quitted him a single instant. He was desirous of seeing her who was with so much complascence giving him the particulars he so eagerly sought to know. He drew back the curtain, and was greatly surprised at the sight of a charming female, apparently not above eighteen years of age, near his bed. In examining her with all the attention which she excited, he remarked eyes in which candour and benevolence shone; he surprised a look at once caressing and timid; he perceived one of those tender, ingenious, and pensive physiognomies, which attracts more powerfully than beauty, and which inspires more interest; he admired a noble and elegant mein, enchanting natural graces, rendered more striking from the necessity of seeking them under a dress which irritated desire, whilst it indicated privations.

Darville, astonished to find such charms in the asylum of sickness, was much more so, after he had learned that this nun, whose name was Mary, had been his sole nurse during the whole of his long illness, that she employed the whole day in attending on him, that she watched him at night, and took only short slumbers, which never had caused any intermission in the care she had taken of him with tender patience, and admirable resolution, and that, in short, he owed his life to her.

Born with one of those fervent constitutions which renders men so amiable, and so unhappy, and which multiply their sufferings by extending their affections, Darville considered gratitude as an act of devotion, and all his sentiments became passions. He immediately abandoned himself to an excessive sensibility; he fancied he should always be able to conceal it from her who was its cause. He no longer dared to accept those services which she still so kindly and earnestly offered him; he said he wished to begin to discharge the immense debts which he had contracted; he would not suffer her to watch at night, but begged her to retire to her repose, as the only means of allowing him any rest. But in a short time he was unable to enjoy any; a passion too violent to be mistaken, invaded his heart. The regard due to the situation of Mary, the respect which her benefits deserved, the reserve which the innocence of her manner inspired, compelled him to silence as a duty, which, however, he never violated more than whilst he thought himself strictly observing it; the flame raged with greater activity from the painful efforts which he made to concentrate it. He first perceived this effect by the sudden reverse of Mary.

Fearful then of losing every thing, he dared every thing; he risked the avowal which he had promised himself never to make; he expected a repulse, he received it, and was overwhelmed with despair. All the reasons which were given,

to make him conquer his love, only served to increase it; all the consolations presented to him, became as many torments; all the amends which were offered, appeared to him an increase of misery. His almost broken-hearted mistress was going to leave him, and send one of her companions to supply her place: one of Darville's wounds broke out afresh, and she remained.

In the mean time, our regiment arrived at Milan for the winter. I went every day to keep my friend company; I found Mary, and witnessed her care; sometimes she dressed the wound in my presence, and I perceived her shed a few tears, which she vainly tried to retain and conceal. Darville did not speak to her, but his looks darted fire, and his silence was impassioned. An eloquence so powerful, so terrible a situation, so much reserve with so much love, the energy that characteriz s a right sentiment, that cry of the soul which proves it, that persuasion which accompanies it, all were united against Mary; all conspired to infuse a devouring flame into her feeling heart. She discovered it with terror; she did not, however, fear to disclose the whole to him who had inspired it; knowing him to be generous, she thought her virtue would never be in danger, unless she were to render him responsible for it; she therefore ventured to intrust him with that sacred deposit, and he swore it should be respected.

He thought he should be able faithfully to keep an oath which nature disavowed, but he soon was sensible of his mistake; he could no longer contain his feelings. Mary reminded him of his promise; a few tender words from her whom he adored, suspended his transports. How, said she, must my ruin be the price of my sensibility, and do you seek to disgrace her whom you love? He fell at her feet, assured her of his repentance, renewed his protestations of respect, and experienced that the repulses of innocence are not always without sweets to an honest man who reveres the object of his love. When he reflected on the multiplied sacrifices made by an unfortune woman who was to defend herself against the power of her lover, and against her own weakness, wherein the so difficult victory was to be obtained by endless trouble and anxiety, he accused himself of being wanting in delicacy, he condemned his desires, he determined to abstain from any expression; and as soon as his mistress appeared, his resolves were all forgotten.

Mary, supported by real piety, by the remembrance of her vows, by a conduct hitherto irreproachable, surmounted for a long time the tenderness which she shared; but her triumph was succeeded by that arid kind of grief which sheds no tears, which loads with an immense pressure, which agitates without distracting; above all, it became impossible for her to bear the idea that she caused the misery of him for whom she would have sacrificed her life. This conviction, against which those who truly love can find no defence, sealed her doom. She yielded; and the day which to her lover was the height of felicity, overwhelmed her with despair. From that moment, she fancied she read her shame in every eye. Religious prejudices, of all the most tyrannical, filled her timorous conscience with fears. She considered that love which had enslaved her, which had cost her so dearly, of which she had proved all the charms without tasting them as the greatest of crimes.

Whilst she was fulfilling her most noble and useful duties, but the most melancholy and frightful of all those which religious societies could impose on their votaries, and of which beneficent humanity could make choice, the picture of death appearing incessantly before her eyes, froze her senses, increased her terrors, and left that tender and timid soul a prey to the mortal activity of remorse.

Mary could no longer resist afflictions which daily became more keen; so much love, so many troubles, regrets, desires, struggles, successive nights passed with her lover, shattered a feeble constitution. She was seized with an inflamatory fever, it was pronounced mortal, and rapidly led her to the grave.

Her lover, who had concealed his passion, was not able to dissemble his loss: his despair broke out in the most inauspicious manner; the first fit was terrible; with great difficulty a stop was put to its effects, a sudden gloominess of mind succeeded. He told us he should soon rejoin her who had carried off his life; he was not to be persuaded to take any food; he slept no longer.

Penetrated with his condition, we neglected nothing which might alleviate it; but our eagerness to relieve him irritated his sorrows. Dismayed at the inutility of our cares, we, in one of our conversations, spoke with a vivacity of which the motive could not displease him. We gently reproached him with his want of friendship, we conjured him not to reject our entreaties; tears started in our eyes. He abruptly interrupted us, saying, "My friends, your efforts are fruitless; it is not in the power of any one to allay my grief, it will only end with my life. What can comfort a man for the loss of her whom he adored? Absence: but that resource does not exist for me."

He stopped. We attended in silence the explanation of those strange words. All at once his looks were animated; he arose, and exclaimed:—"Mary is dead! she is dead, but she is not absent. She is there," added he, looking stedfastly at an armed chair, towards which, he pointed. "Yes, there she is, I see her as plainly as I do you; she fixes her eyes on me; she hears me; if I approach her she retreats, but she never disappears."

He was silent, and we ceased to offer him any more consolations which were of no avail, for his affliction was of a nature too uncommon to yield to ordinary means. Chance, which in the crisis of fantasti-

cal cases sometimes collects different means, appeared to offer one which gave us hopes of saving our friend, and restoring him to himself.

A public entertainment was given; all those contemptible women, who, it is said, preserve the morals of a town by corrupting them, appeared there. I was observing them in the ball-room, when I perceived one whose resemblance to Mary astonished me. I flew to an officer of my regiment, and asked him whether I might show him a portrait of Darville's mistress, probably more exact, and certainly more real, than that with which that unfortunate man was beset. His surprise equalled mine. We placed ourselves by the side of that woman, and studied her features. This examination confirmed the truth of our first glance; and we immediately formed the design of profiting by so singular a meeting to cure the disease of our friend. Persuaded that the phantasm which pursued him would disappear when opposed to the real object, and that his imagination would be undeceived, when he found his senses struck, we determined to introduce to him, in the dress of Mary, the female who was so like her.

After having agreed with this woman about the disguise she was to assume, the place she should go to, the signal at which she was to advance, her attitude, her gait, and all the requisites for the part she was to act, we went to Darville, and asked him a last proof of his friendship. "We are going to leave the place," said we, embracing him; "perhaps we may never meet again." Seeing he was moved, we pressed him to come and sup with us that same evening, saying that was the only proof we desired. He knew not how to refuse our invitation; he came, and we sat down to table. The repast was nearly finished, and he had not spoken a word, when, in order to raise to its height an emotion necessary to cause a total revolution, we talked to him about the fatal day on which he received the last sigh of his mistress.

Without making any answer, he looked earnestly towards a dark closet opposite to his seat; he arose, and extended his arms as if to reunite himself to the object which his delirium realised.

We that instant gave the signal; the counterfeit Mary entered; he perceived her, and fell backwards; he shuddered, and cried, "O my friends, my friends, save me! I am lost! I saw but one, and I see two." We attempted to convince him of his error.—He fell into convulsions, and expired, pronouncing the name of Mary.

EXTRACT.

On the obvious consequences of a life of pleasure and dissipation.

In the first place, the obvious consequences of a life of pleasure and dissipation to health, fortune, and character. To each of these, it is an enemy, precisely according to the degree to which it is carried.—Character is soon affected by it. As the man of dissipation often makes his appearance in public, his course is marked, and his character is quickly decided by general opinion, according to the line which he is observed to pursue. By frivolty and levity, he dwindles into insignificance. By vicious excesses, or criminal pleasures, he incurs disapprobation or contempt. The fair prospects which his friends had once entertained of him, die away, in proportion as his idleness or extravagance grows; and the only hope which remains, is, that some fortunate incident may occur to check his career, and reclaim him to a better mind. In the mean time, the respectable and the grave smile at his follies, and avoid his company. In the midst of some fashionable assemblies he may shine; by some of his fellows he may be admired; but in the world he is of no significance or consequence, any more than the little animals that sport around him. Health, the most valuable of all temporal blessings, is known to be preserved by temperance and a regular life. But by the men of dissipation, it is readily sacrificed at the shrine of pleasure. To years of health and soundness, they are often so foolish as to prefer a few hours of sensual gratification. Supposing that no extravagant excesses, or vicious pleasures, cut short their health and life, yet what constitution can stand the irregular hours, the disorderly living, the careless indulgence, into which the love of pleasure draws those who devote themselves to it? Hence the shattered and debilitated body, and the premature old age. The native vigour and sprightliness of youth, is melted down by effeminacy and sensuality. The spirits are weakened end enervated, if not sunk and lost for ever.—The state of their fortune may, for a while, enable them to indulge their pleasures, and to maintain the figure they wish to keep up in the world; but let fortune be ever so affluent, in the possession of such persons, it is in the high road to decay. For to them, attention to business or to prudent œconomy, is disdained as a mean attention, belonging only to vulgar and narrow minds. Their habits of licentiousness require unlimited indulgence. The demands of passion must be immediately supplied, whatever the consequences be. Hence delivering themselves up to those who can furnish supply for their expences, or who pretend to take charge of their affairs, they become the prey of the crafty, who fatten on their spoils: till at last, in the midst of thoughtless extravagance, and of general waste and fusion, they see nothing remaining to them, but the ruins of a broken fortune.

Dean Swift, being on a visit to a gentleman in the north, the gentleman took him over his grounds; where meeting a man who was considered as a wit, the dean had a mind to try him, and observing his horse to have a white face, he asked him what made it so. "When you look through *a hemp* tether as long as he has done, you will have a white face too," replied the old man.

DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

A Letter of recommendation from Cardinal Richelieu.

Mr. Campoa Savoyard, and friar, of the holy order of Saint Bernard, is to be the bearer to you of this letter: he is one of the most vicious persons that ever I knew, and hath very earnestly desired me to give him a letter for you of recommendation; which to his importunity I have granted; for I should be sorry you should be mistaken in not knowing him, as very many others have been who are amongst my best friends. I am desirous to advertise you to take particular notice of him, and to say nothing before him in any sort; for I may truly assure you, there can't be a more unworthy person in the world I am sure, that as soon as you have any acquaintance with him, I shall receive thanks for the advice. Civility hinders me from writing any more on the subject.

some news from me, by means of discreet, worthy, wise, and least among all I have conversed with, to write to you in his favour, and credence in his behalf, and my merit (I assure you) rather than his he deserves greatly your esteem, and backward to oblige him, by being I should be conserned if you were already upon the same account, Hence, and for no other motive, that you are obliged, for my sake, to pay him all possible respect, that may offend or displease him say, he is a most worthy man, and convincing argument, with me, of an than to be able to injure him. cease being a stranger to his virtue and you will love him as well as I, and The assurance I have of your farther of him to you, or saying

LONDON PRICES.

In the reign of Edward the first, A. D. 1282, corn was sold by *weight*; before this time it was sold by measure. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, A. D. 1494, wheat was sold for *sixpence* the bushel; and in the same king's reign, 1533, beef and mutton were first ordered to be sold by weight; beef at a *half-penny* per pound and mutton at *three farthings*. In the reign of Queen Mary, 1553, a barrel of beer, with the cask, cost only sixpence; and four large loaves of bread were sold for one penny. The Common Council for the City of London was first instituted in the reign of King John, and thirty-five of the most substantial citizens were chosen into this office. From the same king the City obtained the liberty of altering their Mayor and Sheriff's every year, which before continued during life.

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He who welcomes the look of the good, is good himself.

"What force of language can the bliss impart,
Th' impetuous joy that glows in either heart,
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
O'er all the nerves, what tender tumults roll,
When love with sweet inchantment melts the soul.'

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MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Thomas Hamilton, Mr. Peter Dewitt, to Miss Jennet Gosman, daughter of Mr. George Gosman, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Kelly, Mr. Lewis Willocks, to Miss Margaretta E. Morris, daughter of Mr. Andrew Morris.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Samuel Chapman, to Miss Susan Emmons both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Capt. Jesse Comstock, of Providence, R. I. to Miss Ann Weeden, of this city.

At North Hemstead, (L. I.) on Saturday last, by the rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Charles Hewlett, merchant of this city, to Miss Sarah Platt, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Platt, of that place.

On Saturday evening, May 30th by the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Isaac Ludlum, of Jamaica, L. I. to Miss Ann Champenois, of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Peter Moffat, of the island of Jamaica, to Miss Henrietta Haughton, of this city.

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DIED.

On Monday afternoon, at Newtown, L. I. Mr. John J. Staples, Sen. in the 74th year of his age.

Just Received,
A handsome assortment of Lady's ornamented
COMBS,
Of the newest fashion, for sale by
N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel Broadway. Also, SMITH'S Purified Chemical wash ball, far superior to any other for softning, beautifying, and preserving the skin, from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4. and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, with all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of roses for smelling bottles. Violet & palm soap 2s. per square. His chymical blacking cakes 1s 6d. Almond powder for the skin 8s a lb.

His Circassia or Antique oil for curling, glosing and thickening the hair, and prevent it from turning grey 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Rolled ditto 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—printed directions accompany it—6, 9 & 12s. a bottle, or three dollars a quart.

His pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from falling off or turning grey 4, & 8s a pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s a pound.
Violet double scented ditto, 1s 6d. do.
Beautiful rose powder, 2s 6d do.

His white almond wash ball, 2s & 3s each,—common ditto 1s. Camphor 2s—ditto vegetable ditto 3s. Gentlemens shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness, and chaps & leaves the skin smooth, 2 & 4s a box.

Savonnette royal paste for washing the skin,—making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions. 4 & 8s per pot.

His chymical Dentrifice tooth powder, for the teeth and gums, 2 & 4s a box.

SMITH'S assortment in this line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May. 16.

MILES HITCHCOCK,
HAS FOR SALE AT HIS
TEA STORE,
No. 36 Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-street...
Imperial tea in cannisters of 2 pounds each.
Ditto do. in boxes containining 7 and 14 lbs.
Hyson Tea, in cannisters of 2 pounds.
Do. do. in boxes of 14 pounds.
Souchong, do. in boxes of 10 lbs.
Also Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, and Souchong Teas by the chest, or single pound, fresh, and of superior quality.
100 boxes Rosett's best Spanish segars.
Also, a few choice pine-apple cheese, together with a general assortment of Groceries.
Families supplied on liberal terms, and Ship stores put up at the shortest notice. May 2.

A RECEIPT FOR A LOVE EPISTLE.

TO A MODERN BELLE.

TAKE of sighs and of tears a prodigious large number,
Or days without joy, and nights without slumber,
Of raptures, and dreams, and fantastical blisses,
Of heart-burning glances, and soul-thrilling kisses.

Talk of love everlasting, and pure adoration,
Say for her you would die without hesitation;
Add, that Mahomet's houries are lost in her charms,
And that more than his paradise dwells in her arms.

Conjure up from Don Quixotte some high-flying story,
How that love is the rampart of fame and of glory,
That the Don his Toboso, and Sancho his isle,
Would have eagerly barter'd, to purchase one smile.

If she be not contented with chivalric ages,
You may go a few centuries back to the sages;
And, with old heathen poets, protest, that had Jove
Beheld but her face—he had melted with love.

Then tell her that nothing but love is your food,
And with darts, Cupids, flames, in great plenty conclude;
And if this she receive, I will dare lay my life,
In a fortnight you gain her for mistress or wife.

A SUBJECT FOR THE PENCIL.

PAINTER, dost thou seek for fame,
And would'st immortalize thy name?
Prepare thy pencil, then, to trace
An angel's form, an angel's face.
Trace with thy imitative art,
The image stamp'd upon my heart;
That ages yet unborn may know
How Laura smil'd, and limners drew.

Paint, then, after my direction,
First, the ivory complexion,
On her cheek, yet white as snow,
Let the blush of roses glow;
O'er her neck and forehead lay
Auburn curls, that dance and play.
Draw like rainbow arches now,
Lightly soft each jetty brow;
Yet not unmov'd as void of sense,
But bending with benevolence.
And just beneath— oh! for that eye!
Now dip thy pencil in the sky.
Hast ever seen at summer's noon,
The sun eclipsed by the moon?
And when she hid the plannet's blaze,
Oh didst thou mark the silver rays?
The rays that beam'd sublimely round,
And blue orb'd Cynthia's edges bound?
Then paint it, that the world may spy
The sun eclips'd in Laura's eye.

And, Painter, can thy glowing art
An animated glance impart?
Then give her eye the power to move,
In ogles softer than the dove;
And mingle with each gentle roll
Flashes that can pierce the soul,
To teach bold youth, that modesty
Is armed with heaven's artillery.

Beneath a Grecian front of snow,
Let the nose be Grecian too;
And let it seem where roses bloom,
Inhaling all their rich perfume.

Now for her lip! that ruby cell,
Great artist, now I fear thy skill.
But give it first a purple hue,
Then varnish it with Hyblean dew;
Let the half smile around it break,
And pouting, let it seem to speak.

The swelling chin, that gives a grace
To all the beauties of her face,
Paint—but if painting be too weak,
Borrow a dimple from her cheek.

Now touch the neck with Grecian air,
Than the white swan of Jove more fair.
But ah! thy skill begins to fail;
Then hide, O! hide it with a veil.

POOR MARY.

PRYTHEE why so melancholy?
Sighing cannot give him life:
Cease, those tears are unavailing,
Oh! thus early-widow'd wife!
Poor Mary!

He, obeying calls of honour,
Nobly march'd into the field;
Fierce his country's foes opposing,
Fame his weapon, Love his shield....
Brave fellow!

Thousands soon their fate lamenting,
Hapless sought an early grave....
Thou alas! amongst the number!
Deeds of valour could not save....
Poor fellow!

Fare thee well thou gallant hero!
Death hath struck a double blow....
That same wound that stretch'd thee bleeding
Soon will lay thy Mary low!
Poor Mary.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

LINES,

Written on a Rock, near the Ocean.

I LOVE when rueful whirlwinds sleep,
To climb this brow,
And watch below,
The curling breeze steal o'er the deep.

Wave after wave, in endless train,
Rolls to the shore,
Then seen nd more,
It sinks into the watery plain.

Then coursing on, reflection views,
Each hour give place
In endless chase
To one that closest still pursues.

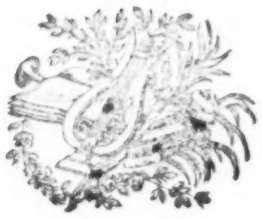
Then still subsiding, undistinguish'd lie,
Hush'd in the womb of dread eternity.

TRENCK.

TRANSLATION FROM VOLTAIRE.

——A wife indulgent grant
With beauty, sweet and complaisant
To all my faults, with bending ease,
Making—e'en me—my actions please!
Correcting, yet invisibly;
Governing, without tyranny;
Gaining my love by just such stealth
As lovely days improve the health.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH, 149, PEARL-STREET.



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